

BELL

10¢

THE Lone Ranger's FAMOUS HORSE

NO. 393

HI-YO

SILVER

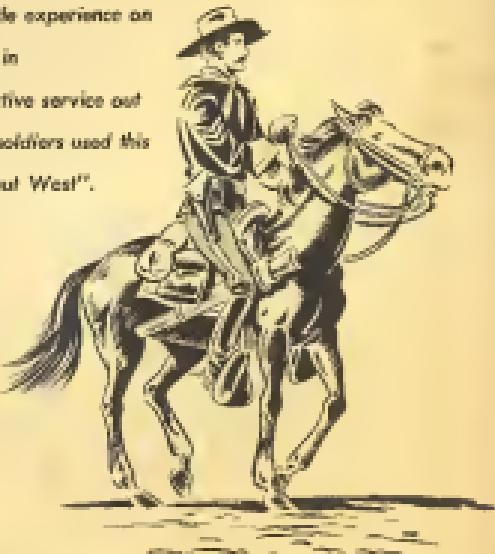




the McClellan Saddle

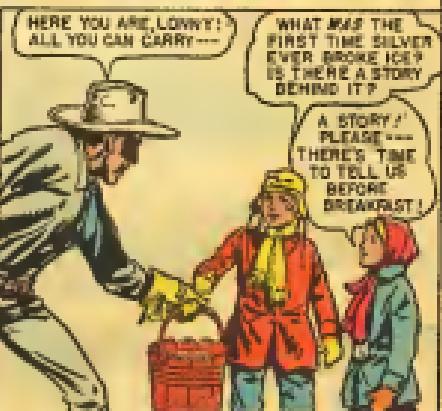
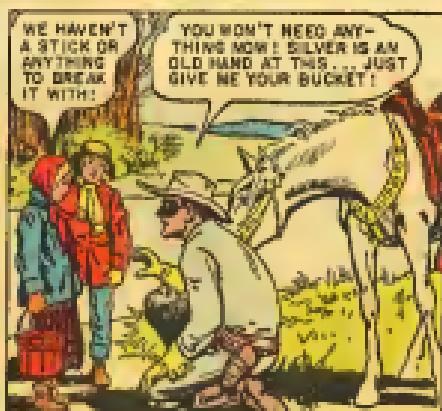
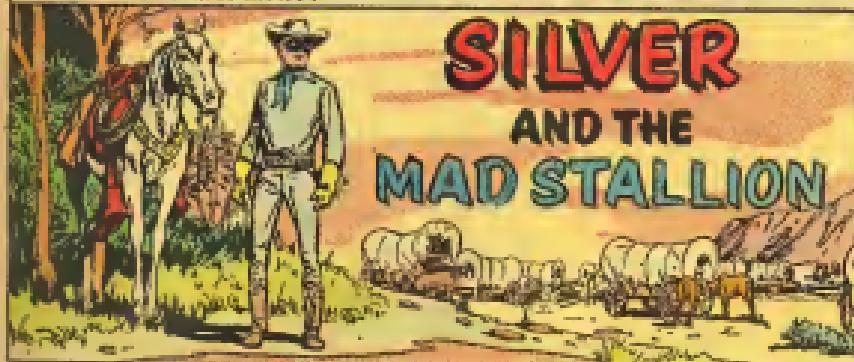
The McClellan saddle was invented during
the American Civil War. It was designed so
that a heavily-armed cavalry trooper could
keep a good "seat" very easily and
still swing a sabre and use a long bore rifle.

Since the Union cavalry used vast numbers of raw
recruits, who had very little experience on
horseback, the new saddle was invaluable in
getting the most active service out
of them. After the war, many soldiers used this
saddle in their long trip "out West".



FROST SPARKLES ON THE CANVAS TOPS OF THE MAGON TRAIN, AS THE RISING SUN PEEKS THROUGH THE MORNING MIST...

SILVER AND THE MAD STALLION



"WELL---IT HAPPENED WHEN SILVER WAS AROUND SIX MONTHS OLD... A COLD SNAP JUST LIKE THIS HAD HIT WILD HORSE VALLEY."



"IT WAS THE FIRST SHARP COLD THE SPRING COLTS HAD KNOWN--- IT FILLED THEM SO FULL OF LIFE AND ZIP THAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEMSELVES."



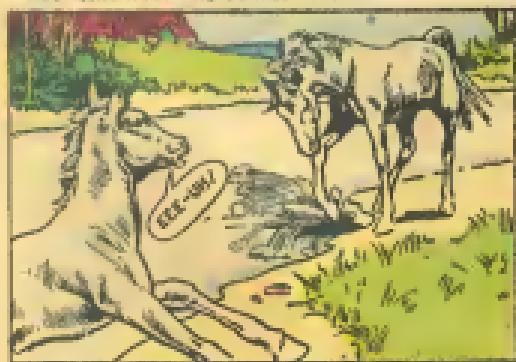
"SILVER'S BIG DISAPPOINTMENT CAME WHEN HE TRIED TO DRINK AT THE FROZEN CREEK! HE BRUISED HIS LIP!"



"AS USUAL, WHEN ANYTHING WENT WRONG, HE CALLED FOR MOUSSA, HIS MOTHER..."



"THE WATER SPLASHED UP FROM MOUSSA'S POUNCING HOOF AND SCARED HIM."



"BUT WHEN HE SAW HIS MOTHER DRINKING, HE FOUND COURAGE TO FOLLOW SUIT! NATURE, YOU SEE, HAS MADE WILD COLTS SCARY OF EVERYTHING THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND --- AND THAT SAVES THEIR LIVES SOMETIMES."



"THE FREEZING OF THEIR WATER HOLES DROVE A BAND OF ELK DOWN TO WILD HORSE CREEK. LITTLE SILVER WHISTLED A WARNING --- BUT MOUSSA PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE BIG BRUTES."



"SCENTING THE ELK, A PAIR OF WOLVES HOWLED FROM THE RIMROCK."



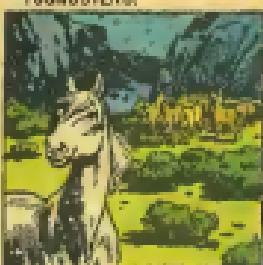
"A BIG SILVERTIP BEAR MADE HIS HILL AHEAD OF THEM..."



"--- AND LATER SHUFFLED DOWN TO THE CREEK FOR A DRINK --- SCARING SILVER'S MOTHER AND EVERY HORSE WITHIN SIGHT OR SCENT OF HIM."



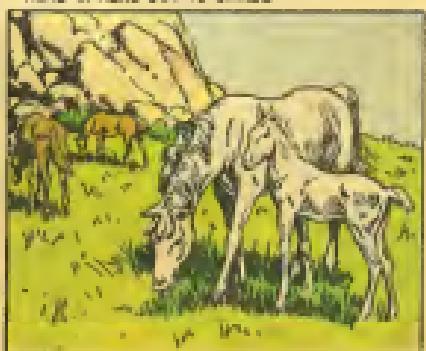
"THAT NIGHT, SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING, KEPT HIS BAND CLOSE-HERDED, READY FOR FIGHT OR FLIGHT ... THE FALLING SNOW WAS A NEW TERROR TO THE YOUNGSTERS."



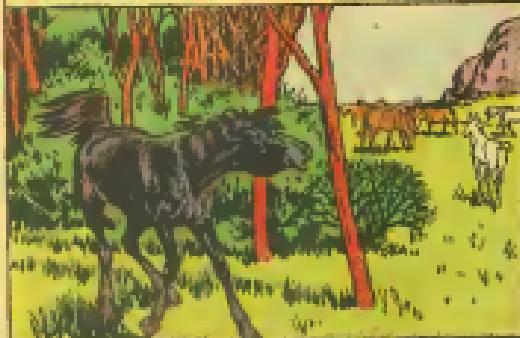
"A BRIGHT MORNING SUN PUT AN END TO THEIR NIGHTMARE FEARS."



"ALL DANGER FORGOTTEN, THE WILD HORSE HERD SPREAD OUT TO GRAZE"



"NONE SAW THE LEAN, BLACK STALLION MOVING CAUTIOUSLY BEHIND THE SCREEN OF YOUNG TREES."



"FROM TIME TO TIME HE HALTED TO SNIFF THE BREEZE --- MAKING SURE THAT ITS DIRECTION WOULD NOT RETRACE HIS PRESENCE! HIS EYE WAS WILD --- HIS COAT IRROUGH --- HIS MOTORS JERRY."



"MAKING SURE THAT THE HERD LEADER WAS NOT IN SIGHT, THE BLACK STEPPED OUT OF COVER --- CLOSE ENOUGH TO STARTLE THE GRAZING MARES. THEY WERE MORE CURIOUS THAN SCARED, HOWEVER ---"



"--- UNTIL THE SHIFTING BREEZE BROUGHT THE STRANGER'S SCENT! THEN A HORRID FEAR SEEMED TO LOOSEN THEIR JOINTS!"



"IT WAS THE SCENT OF A BRAIN-SICK KILLER! EVEN LITTLE SILVER KNEW IT INSTINCTIVELY --- AND TREMBLED SO HARD HE COULD SCARCELY STAND."



"THE BLACK MOVED TOWARD HIS PETRIFIED AUDIENCE! HE KNEW THEIR FEAR --- AND TOOK A FIEGHISH PLEASURE IN IT."



"A MAD STALLION HAS BUT ONE DESIRE---TO KILL, TO DESTROY! HE HAS NO FEAR, AND HIS STRENGTH IS THE STRENGTH OF MADNESS!"



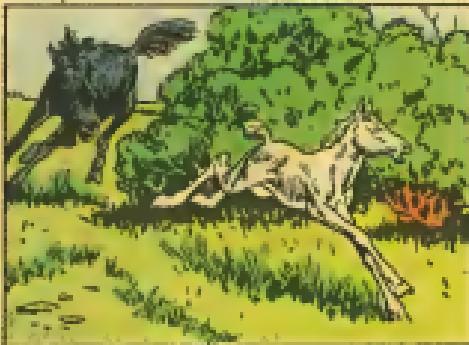
"SUDDENLY THE MARES BROKE AND FLED, WITH THEIR COLTS BEHIND THEM."



"A CLUMP OF STIFF BUSHES LOOMED UP IN FRONT OF SILVER! HE DODGED TO ONE SIDE --- MOUSSA WENT TO THE OTHER."



"ROUNDING THE CLUMP, HE FOUND THE BLACK FURY NEARER THAN HIS MOTHER---IN FACT, RIGHT ON HIS HEELS!"



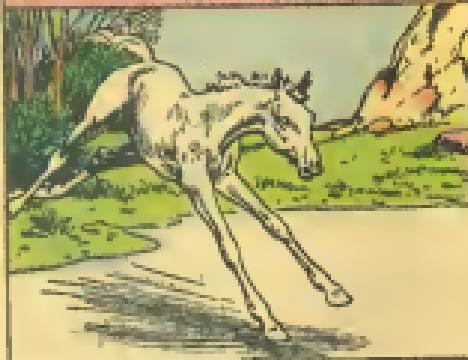
"WITH A SHRILL SCREAM OF PANIC, HE RAN BLINDLY, DESPERATELY, CARELESS OF DIRECTION... THE BLACK WAS AFTER HIM!"



"THE FROZEN CREEK WAS IN FRONT OF HIM---BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO TURN ASIDE!"



"STRAIGHT OUT HE LEAPT--- WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH."



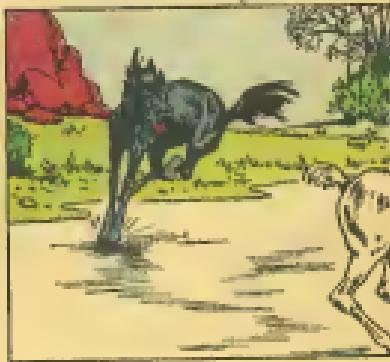
"THE THIN ICE BENT AND CRACKED, BUT DID NOT PUNCH THROUGH AS THE COLT'S LIGHT WEIGHT STRUCK IT."



"HIS LEGS SHOT FROM UNDER HIM; LIKE A TOBOGGANHE WHIZZED ACROSS THE CREEK."



"BEHIND, THE KILLER BRAZED, BUT COULD NOT CHECK HIMSELF IN TIME."



"WITH A CRASH AND A SPLASH, THE THIN ICE GAVE WAY."



"BAWLING, SQUEALING, THRASHING, THE MAD HORSE ROSE ON HIS HIND LEGS."



"WITH THE MUDGY BOTTOM GRIPPING AT HIS FEET, HE HURLED HIMSELF ASHORE! THE MAD ANGER IN HIM WAS LIKE A LIVING FLAME, LONGING TO KILL THE FIRST THING HE SAW."



"THE MAD STALLION HAD REACHED SOLID FOOTING ..."

"AND THE NEXT WAS---SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING! WARVED BY HIS MARES, HE CAME THUNDERING DOWN THE CREEK---TRUMPETING HIS CHALLENGE TO THE DESTROYER."



"... AND SYLVAN SCORED THE FIRST BLOW."



"THE BLACK STRANGER HAD LOST NONE OF HIS FIGHTING SKILL, DESPITE HIS CRAZED BRAIN-- HIS TEETH BARELY MISSED THE KING'S THROAT, AND DROVE HARD AGAINST THE WHITE SHOULDER."



"HE WHEELED---AND SYLVAN'S RIBS BOOMED LIKE A DRUM, AS THE BLACK'S HEELS STRUCK..."



"HEAD LOW, SEEKING SYLVAN'S SLIM FORE-
LEGS, WITH JAWS THAT COULD CRUSH BONE
AT ONE SNARL, THE STRANGER BORED IN."



"BUT SYLVAN HAD NOT WON HIS KINGSHIP
WITHOUT LEARNING BATTLE SKILL! A
LIGHTNING STROKE OF HIS FOREHOOF
STRUCK THE BLACK FULL ON THE FOREHEAD."



"NO RECORD BLOW WAS NEEDED! SLOWLY,
THE GAUNT FORM OF THE BLACK CRUMPLED...
THE MAD LIGHT DIED OUT OF HIS EYES..."

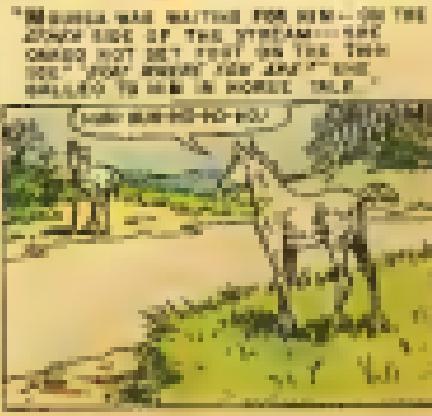


"SYLVAN SHIFTED AT HIS ENEMY.



"---AND TURNED AWAY, TRUMPETING HIS VICTORY TO HIS FRIGHTENED HERD---STRENGTH
AND PRIDE IN EVERY ROYAL LINE OF HIM!"





BUT SILVER WAS TOO ANXIOUS TO REACH HIS MOTHER'S COMFORTING FLANK! BEIDES, THE ICE HAD LOST SOME OF ITS TERROR FOR HIM! HE JUMPED---



--- AND CROSSED THE CREEK ON HIS CHIN --- MOUSSA WONDERING AT THIS NEW AND PUZZLING PRANK!



SHE RAN HER SOFT NOSE OVER HIS QUIVERING LITTLE BODY, MAKING CERTAIN THAT HER YOUNGESTER HAD NO HURT... BY AND BY THE SILVER COLT STOPPED HIS TREMBLING--- BUT NEVER AS LONG AS HE LIVED, WOULD HE FORGET THE HORROR OF HIS FLIGHT FROM THE BLACK HORSE?



THE WINTER MONTHS SAW MOST OF THE GOOD GRASS EATEN, WHERE THE WILD HORSES RAMED--- BUT NOT UNTIL SPRING SPREAD ITS NEW CARPET OF FLOWERS FROM CLIFF TO CREEK DID THEY RETURN TO THE SCENE OF LITTLE SILVER'S FRIGHT--- AND SYLVAN'S VICTORY!



NOW, I'LL CARRY YOUR WATER BUCKETS--- SO YOU'LL BE BACK TO THE WAGON BEFORE YOUR FOLKS WORRY ABOUT YOU



BUT--- TELL ME--- DID SILVER EVER HAVE TO FIGHT TO PROTECT THE OTHER HORSES WHEN HE GREW UP?

HE CERTAINLY DID, LONNY --- BUT THAT IS A STORY ALL BY ITSELF!



STEADY, SILVER!
WHAT IS IT?

OH! MAYBE HE
SMELLS A BEAR!

SILVER GOES A-ROAMING

SILVER ISN'T
SCARED! HE ACTS
ANGRY, LONNY!

THAT'S RIGHT, JEANNIE!
I SUESS SILVER WOULDN'T
BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING--
ANY MORE THAN THE
LONE RANGER WOULD.

WHAT ARE
THOSE TRACKS?
A BEAR'S?

NO, LONNY--THEY BELONG
TO A WHOPPING MOUNTAIN
LION! HE JUMPED ACROSS
THE CREEK LESS THAN AN
HOUR AGO! SILVER HATES
LIONS.

WHY DOES SILVER
HATE LIONS SO?
THERE MUST BE A
STORY BEHIND IT.

THERE IS, JEANNIE!
IT HAPPENED SOME
YEARS AGO, WHEN
SILVER WAS IN HIS
THIRD YEAR.

LATE THAT FALL, A GREAT RESTLESSNESS
CAME OVER THE SILVER COLT! ALL AT ONCE,
THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF WILD HORSE
VALLEY SEEMED TOO SMALL...HE LONGED
TO CLIMB THE HEIGHTS AND SEE THE FAR
PLACES.



"AT A TROT, THEN AT A GALLOP HE HEADED FOR THE FAR END OF THE VALLEY! OUTSIDE LAY DAISER... AND ADVENTURE TO MATCH HIS FIERY SPIRIT.



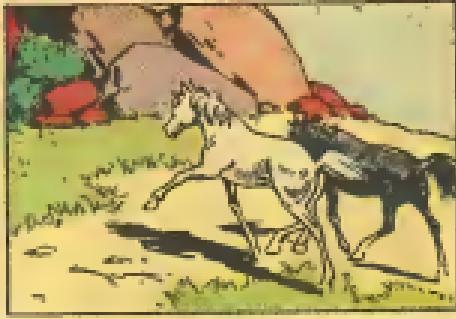
"BUT NOT FAR OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE THE SOUND OF PURSUING HOOFBEATS HALTED HIM. A FAMILIAR WHINNY DRIFTED DOWN-WIND."



"IT WAS SCAMPER... FAITHFUL LITTLE SCAMPER, WHO WAS NEVER HAPPY AWAY FROM HIS FRIEND AND HERO, SILVER!"



"SILVER LOVED THE LITTLE RASCAL! IN FACT, SCAMPER WAS THE ONLY COMPANION HE WOULD HAVE ALLOWED TO FOLLOW HIM, AS HE CLIMBED THE WILD FOOTHILLS.



"SNOW ALREADY MANTLED THE HIGH PEAKS, AND THE COLD WIND THAT BLEW DOWN FROM THEM WAS LIKE A TONIC TO SILVER'S HOT YOUNG BLOOD! IT WAS THE BREATH OF ADVENTURE."



"TWO DAYS LATER, SNOW CAME TO THE FOOTHILLS. THE TWO COLTS FRISKED ABOUT IN IT LIKE TEARLINGS—HEEDLESS OF THE WOLVES THAT DREW EVER NEARER, AND NEARER..."

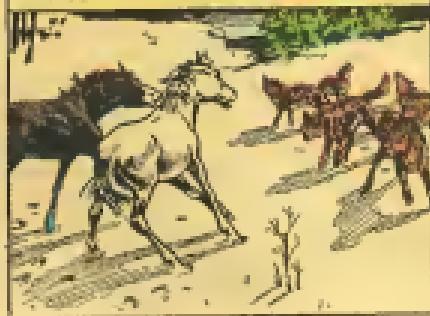


"THEY HALTED IN WILD SURPRISE, AS A BLACKTAIL BUCK AND THREE DOES DRIFTED PAST IN FEATHER-LIGHT bounds. THE HOWLING OF THE GRAY PACK WAS VERY NEAR NOW."

DW-DW-OO-000000!



"AS THEY BURST INTO VIEW OF THE COLTS, THE WOLVES BUNCHED UP. HERE WAS A DIFFERENT GAME—QUARRY JUST WAITING TO BE PULLED DOWN!"



"AT THE GRAY LEADER'S BROWL, THE HUNTERS SLUNK INTO A CIRCLE. A RING OF DEATH! NO GAME THUS CAUGHT HAD EVER ESCAPED THEIR PAWS."



"WHEN THE RING WAS COMPLETE, TWO GRAY SHADOWS DARTED IN. THE ONE TO SNAP AT SILVER'S THROAT, THE OTHER TO CUT THE CORD ABOVE SCAMPER'S HOCK."



"BUT THE SILVER COLT MOVED WITH A LIGHTNING, DEADLY SPEED THAT THE WOLVES DID NOT EXPECT! EVEN AS HIS FOREHOOF SENT THE LEADER SPINNING, HIS STRONG JAWS DROVE DOWN LIKE A JAVELIN TO SEIZE THE SECOND KILLER BY THE SPINE."



"WITH A QUICK JERK, HE TOSSED THE LODO AWAY WITH A BROKEN BACK."



"—THEN WHIRLED TO HELP SCAMPER BEAT OFF HIS ATTACKERS.



"THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR THE GRAY HUNTERS! LEAVING TWO OF THEIR NUMBER ON THE TRAMPLED SNOW, THEY SLUNK AWAY, TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE DEER WHO WOULD RUN, BUT COULD NOT FIGHT.



"IN THEIR HUNT FOR GRASS NOT COVERED WITH SNOW, THE COLTS DRIFTED THRUH THE HILLS TO THE LOWER VALLEYS.



"AT NIGHT THEY PICKED OUT A PATCH OF DRY BRUSH, AND SLEPT HEAD-TO-TAIL, SHARP EARS ON GUARD FOR THE APPROACH OF STEALTHY ENEMIES.



"ONCE OR TWICE THEY CAUGHT THE SCENT OF AN INDIAN CAMPFIRE, AND CIRCLED IT, DOWN-WIND! SILVER NEVER COULD FORGET THE TIME WHEN RED HORSE HUNTERS HAD INVADED HIS HOME VALLEY.



"BEFORE LEAVING THE FOOTHILL COUNTRY, THEY HAD ONE MORE BRUSH WITH A SAVAGE ENEMY AS THEY APPROACHED A LITTLE STREAM TO DRINK —



"A BULL ELK'S CHALLENGE RANG OUT LIKE A BUGLE. IT WAS THE SEASON WHEN WAPITI'S TEMPER IS LIKE GUNPOWDER, AND HIS SPEAR-POINT HORNS ARE POLISHED FOR BATTLE."

"UHH-UH-KAWAH URRUH-UURRUH!"



"SCAMPER PLUNGED AWAY IN FRIGHT, SHORTING FOR SILVER TO FOLLOW, BUT THE TALL GOLT STOOD HIS GROUND."



"GRITTING HIS TEETH ELK FASHION, THE BULL LEAPED FORWARD! SILVER TENSED—

"...AND AT THE LAST INSTANT WHIRLED ASIDE, TO LET THOSE POLISHED BATONET POINTS PASS THROUGH EMPTY AIR!"



"THE BULL GRUNTED IN SURPRISE
---PLOWED TO A STOP---"

"UHH-UH!"



"---ONLY TO TAKE BOTH HEELS OF THE SILVER GOLT FULL IN HIS FLANK! THE SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOWS KNOCKED HIM OFF HIS FEET---"



"IN A BAWLING HEAP, ALL THE WHO
AND THE FIGHT GOT OUT OF HIM."



"SILVER BLEW HIS NOSE LOUDLY
AS HE WATCHED HIS ANTLERED
ANTAGONIST TURN TAIL IN PANICKY
FLIGHT! TO HIM IT WAS ALL A
HUGE JOKE."



"AS HE LOWERED HIS HEAD AND DRANK,
LITTLE SCAMPER CAME SOFTLY BACK,
HEART ALLOW WITH FRESH ADMIRATION
FOR HIS FEARLESS FRIEND."



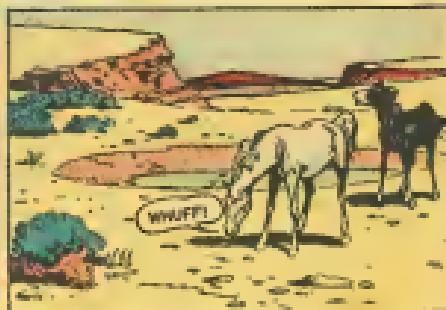
"DAY BY DAY, THE TWO MOVED DOWN FROM THE
HILLS UNTIL THEY FOUND THEMSELVES AT THE
EDGE OF THE DESERT. HERE THE GRASS WAS
SCANTY, AND THE SPICE OF SAGEBRUSH TINGLED
IN THEIR NOSTRILS."



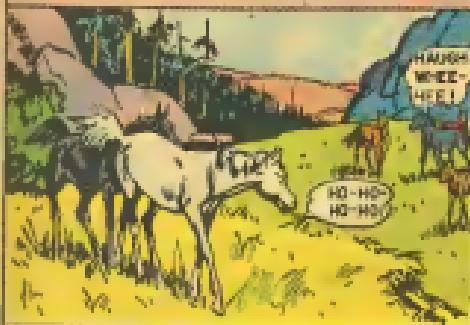
"BUT THERE WERE NARROW, TREE-GROWN
CANYONS THAT SHELTERED AN OCCASIONAL
WATER HOLE..."



"THERE THEY OFTEN FOUND THE TRACKS OF
OTHER WILD HORSES...AT ONE WATER HOLE,
INDIAN HORSE HUNTERS HAD JUMPED A
STALLION AND HIS BAND."



"A FEW MILES FARTHER ON, THEY CAME UPON A FEW STARTLED HORSES... STRAYS FROM THE MAIN BAND THAT THE INDIANS HAD BEEN CHASING."



"SILVER LOST NO TIME IN MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE LEADERLESS 'YOUNG LACES'--A STRANGE NEW POSSESSIVENESS FILLED HIM..."



"WITH JEALOUSY! HE SCREAMED AND SNAPPED AT SCAMPER, WARNING HIM TO LEAVE THESE NEW-FOUND FRIENDS ALONE! HE, SILVER, WOULD BE THEIR ONLY PROTECTOR!"



"SCAMPER FELT HURT! HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT HIS HERO, SILVER, WAS STARTING TO GROW UP AND ACT SMART THE WAY HALF-GROWN BOYS DO IN THE PRESENCE OF GIRL FRIENDS."



"MEANWHILE, BEYOND THE NEXT MESA, APACHE HORSE HUNTERS HAD TRAPPED A WILD STALLION AND HIS BAND IN A NARROW BOX CANYON. THE WALLS WERE STEEP, BARE ROCK."



"THEY CLOSED THE ENTRANCE WITH A STOUT FENCE, TOO HIGH FOR A HORSE TO JUMP."



"THEN THEIR BEST ROPERS CLOSED IN... TO CATCH THE BLACK AND WHITE HERD LEADER! AFTER THAT, TAKING THE MARES WOULD BE EASY... THEY THOUGHT."



"BUT THE STALLION KEPT HIS HEAD! HIS MARES WERE CAUGHT... HOPELESSLY, UNLESS THEY CHOSE TO FOLLOW HIM UP THE CANYON-SIDE..."



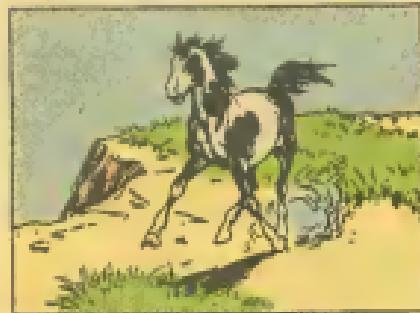
"HERE DEATH WAITED FOR A SINGLE SLIP! THE MARES SAW IT AND FAILED TO FOLLOW."



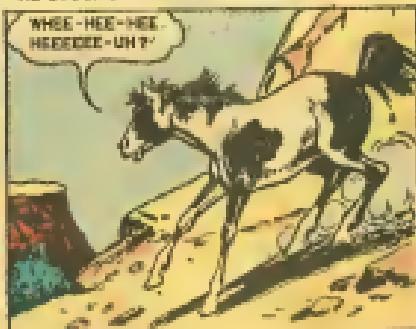
"WITH A LAST DESPERATE SCRANBLE, HE REACHED THE TOP!"



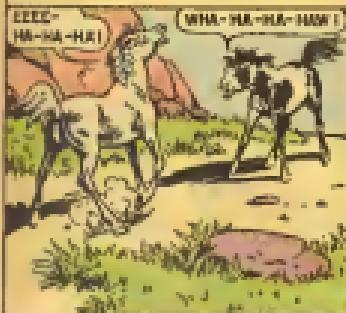
"...AND RACED AWAY ACROSS THE MESA, TO SEEK THE FEW OF HIS BAND THAT HAD NOT ENTERED THE CANYON TRAP."



"A BREEZE SWEEPING UP THE MESA'S SIDE BROUGHT HIM THE FAR-OFF SCENT OF THOSE HE SOUGHT..."



FIVE MINUTES LATER, SILVER HEARD THE BLACK AND WHITE'S TRUMPETED CHALLENGE TO BATTLE... AND ANSWERED IT...



LIKE TWO SWORDSMEN, THEY CIRCLED EACH OTHER BEFORE CLOSING... THE BLACK AND WHITE READY TO KILL OR BE KILLED FOR HIS NAMES... SILVER SCORN-ING TO RUN FROM AN ENEMY, NO MATTER HOW BIG AND FIERCE!



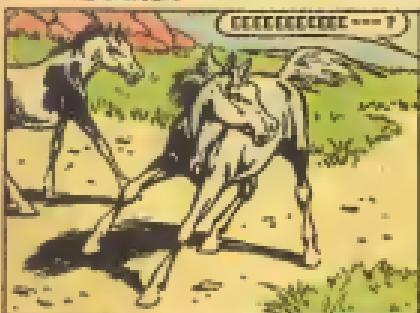
"AT THAT MOMENT CAME A GRIM INTERRUPTION! AN OLD COUGAR HAD SPOTTED SCAMPER, CLOSE BEHIND THE CLIFF."



"THE COLT'S SCREAM OF PAIN AND PANIC RANG SHRIILY!"



"AT THE SOUND, SILVER WHEELED... ALL THOUGHT OF DUELING GONE... AWARE ONLY THAT HIS LITTLE FRIEND WAS IN MORTAL DANGER."



"STRAIGHT AT THE SNARLING CAT HE CHARGED."



HIS SLASHING FOREHOOFs BATTERED THE KILLER FROM SCAMPER'S BACK..."



"... TO FALL ALMOST UNDER THE HOOFs OF THE PURSUING STALLION.

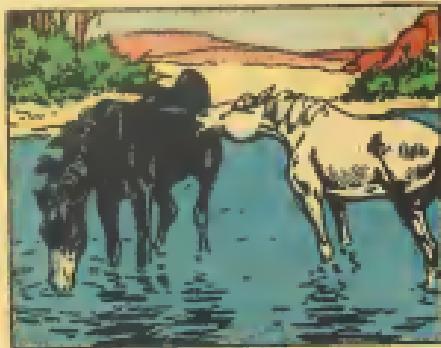


"THE COUGAR'S DOOM WAS SEALED! CAUGHT BY BOTH THE STALLION'S HOOFs, HE SQUALLED HIS DEATH SONG.

"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, THE TWO COLTS, SILVER AND BLACK, HEADED BACK TO THE WATER HOLE.

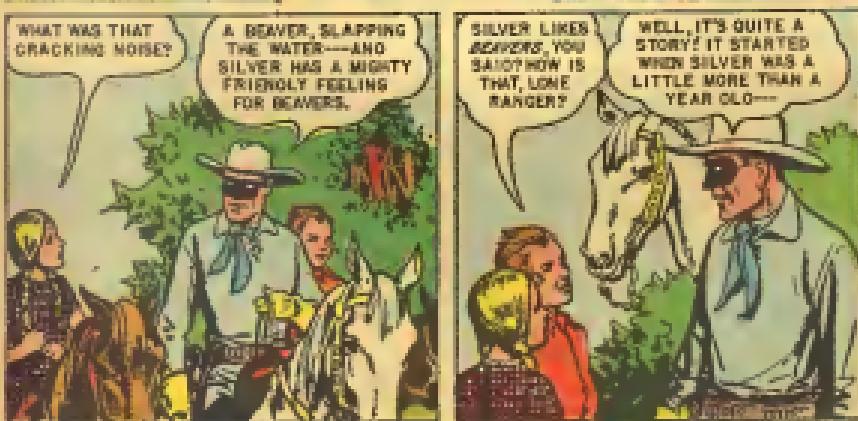


"AND THERE SILVER NURSED HIS LITTLE FRIEND'S WOUNDS.



"ONCE MORE SCAMPER WAS HAPPY, IN THE CLOSE COMPANIONSHIP OF HIS TALL PARTNER! TOGETHER THEY COULD FACE THE BEST AND THE WORST THAT THE WIDE WORLD HAD TO SHOW."





"SILVER WAS OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE SHORT TRIPS AWAY FROM HIS MOTHER'S PROTECTION.. AND HE DID SO, MORE AND MORE OFTEN! HIS LITTLE BROTHER, BORN THAT SPRING, TOOK MOSSA'S ATTENTION.



"...OR REPAIRING THE DAMAGE THAT SPRING FLOODS HAD DONE TO THEIR DAM.

"HIS FAVORITE LOOKOUT WAS A LITTLE POINT OF ASPENS THAT JUTTED OUT INTO A BEAVER POND... THERE HE COULD WATCH THE BEAVERS, SWIMMING TO AND FRO...



"HE NEVER TIRED OF SEEING THOSE BUSY LITTLE LUMBERMEN FELL YOUNG TREES FOR FOOD AND BUILDING MATERIALS...THE BEAVERS NEVER MINDED HOW CLOSE HE STOOD.



"AT THE CRASH OF A FALLING TREE, THE SILVER COLT LEAPED AWAY IN PRETENDED FRIGHT.



"RETURNING, HE WOULD SNORT AND STAMP, CHALLENGING THE BEAVER TO FURTHER PLAY."



"THEN A BROAD TAIL WOULD SLAP THE GROUND, AND THE COLT WOULD JUMP IT WAS ALL A FRIENDLY GAME."



"...HE HEARD AN AGONIZED SQUEAKING AND CHATTERING FROM BENEATH THE PRONE TRUNK."

"ONE DAY, AFTER WATCHING THE FALL OF A LARGER TREE THAN USUAL..."



"THE MALE BEAVER'S MATE LAY PINNED UNDERR THE TREE...CAUGHT WHEN IT FELL. SILVER WANTED TO HELP, BUT HE COULDNT THINK HOW."



"THE TREE WAS CLEARLY TO BLAME! EXPERIMENTALLY, SILVER TOOK A BRANCH IN HIS TEETH AND PULLED. THE TREE MOVED A LITTLE, AND HE PULLED HARDER."



"SUDDENLY THE TREE ROLLED OVER, WITH A SWISH."



"THE MALE BEAVER LIKED HIS MATE'S FACE.
SLOWLY, SHE MOVED ASIDE! SHE WAS NOT
MUCH HURT, AFTER ALL."



"SOON THEY WERE BACK AT WORK, WITH LOW,
CONTENTED CHIRPINGS."



"LATE THAT SUMMER, A LEAN OLD WOLF
CAME DOWN INTO WILD HORSE VALLEY, IN
HOPES OF KILLING A STRAY COLT."



"HE FOUND ALL THE SMALL COLTS HUGGING CLOSE
TO THEIR MOTHERS' PROTECTIVE SIDES... AND
LIKED HIS LEAN CROPS IN DISAPPOINTMENT.



"DESPERATELY HUNGRY, HE MADE FOR THE
GREEN! THERE HE MIGHT SURPRISE AN
UNWARY FROG--OR EVEN A MUSKRATT OR
PERHAPS A BEAVER!"



"INSTEAD, HE SAW SOMETHING THAT MADE
HIS EYES BLAZE WITH FIERCE DESIRE... A
FAT TEARLING WITH A SILVER COAT, ALONE
AND HELPLESS!"



"THE LEAN, OLD LOBO SANK ONTO HIS BELLY AMONG THE UNDERGROWTH AND BEGAN TO CRAWL FORWARD."



"TO THE WISE OLD BEAVERS, THE TREMBLING OF THE TALL WEEDS BEHIND SILVER MEANT DANGER!"



"...AND WHIRLED TO FACE AN EQUALLY STARTLED WOLF!"



"BUT BRIGHT, BEADY EYES CLOSE TO SHORE
SAW WHAT SILVER DID NOT."



"LIKE TWO PISTOL SHOTS THEIR TAILS CRACKED
THE POND... THE BEAVER'S WELL-KNOWN WARNING!
SILVER JUMPED..."



"A SECOND LATER, THE LOBO WAS SLIDING FORWARD, TEETH BARED FOR THE ATTACK! SILVER'S CALL FOR HELP RANG OUT LOUD AND SHRILL."



"AND HIS MOTHER, MOUSSA, REPLIED, AS SHE GATHERED HERSELF TO RAGE TO HIS AID."



"NO LONGER MOUSSA THE GENTLE, SHE DROVE INTO THE ASPERS LIKE A WHITE THUNDERBOLTING PACK OF WOLVES COULD HAVE STOPPED HER!"



"KNOWING WELL THE FURY OF A FIGHTING MARE, THE OLD WOLF MADE ONE HALF-HEARTED SLASH AT YOUNG SILVER. HIS GAME WAS UP, BUT HE WAS TOO ANGRY TO QUIT ..."



"... UNTIL HE SAW MOUSSA CHARGING DOWN ON HIM!"



"AS HE TURNED TO FLEE, SILVER'S SMALL, HARD HOOFs DROVE AT HIS RUMP."



"THEN HE WAS RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE, ONE SHORT JUMP AHEAD OF RAGING MOUSSA."



"FAR OUT INTO THE POND
HE LEAPED!"



"THE TWO BEAVERS, SWIMMING DEEP, LOOKED UP AT
THE LONG-LEGGED TRADER WITH BRIGHT, DISGAIN-
FUL EYES! THEIR LONG, WOODCUTTING TEETH COULD
HAVE CUT HIM INTO BITS...BUT THEY ONLY AGREED
TO BE LET ALONE."



"WET AND DISGUSTED, THE OLD
LOBO CLIMBED OUT ON THE OTHER
SIDE. IT WOULD BE SOME TIME
BEFORE HE GOT HIS APPETITE
BACK...FOR COLTS OR BEAVERS!"



"MOUSSA MADE SURE THAT HER YEARLING SON WAS
UNINJURED, BEFORE SHE TURNED BACK TO HER NEW
BABY...AND THE OLD BEAVERS SWAM BACK TO TAKE
UP THEIR WOODCUTTING."



"WITH HIS TWO FLAT-TAILED AND KEEN-
EYED FRIENDS ON GUARD, SILVER NOW
FELT SAFER THAN EVER! ALL HIS LIFE
HE WOULD REMEMBER HOW THEIR WARNING
SAVED HIM FROM A DEADLY ENEMY."



DID THE OLD LOBO EVER
COME BACK TO WILD
HORSE VALLEY
AFTER THAT?



YES, JEANNE...BUT
THAT IS ANOTHER
STORY! WE MUST HURRY
NOW AND FIND A GOOD
CROSSING FOR THE WAGON
TRAIN! THEY'RE DEPENDING
ON US, YOU KNOW!

RANGER! WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING WAY OFF AT THE
SKYLINE TODAY? IS
THERE DANGER FROM
THE INDIANS?

NO, LONNIE!
SOMETHING WORSE!

SILVER

LEADS TO FREEDOM



THE PRAIRIE GRASS IS SO DRY, RIGHT NOW,
THAT ANYTHING COULD START IT BLAZING...
AND ONCE STARTED, IT COULD BURN THIS
WAGON TRAIN! THERE'D BE
NO STOPPING IT! I'VE SUGGESTED
"NO SMOKING" BY ANY
MAN IN THE
THE OUTFIT!



BUT THE DRIVER OF THE LAST WAGON
TAKES A CHANCE.

JIM HOSKINS: THAT'S
AGAINST THE RULES—

HUSH YOUR
FACE, WOMAN!
(PUFF! PUFF!
PUFF!)



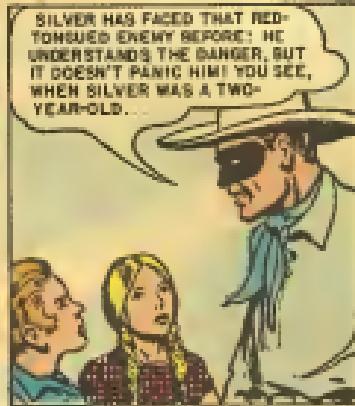
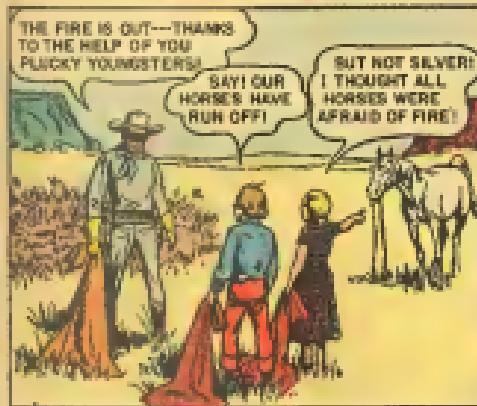
THE LONE RANGER'S 'WAY
AHEAD--- HE'LL NEVER KNOW!



LOOK! BACK THERE!
IT'S SMOKE!

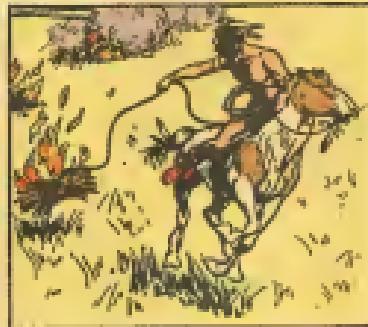
A GRASS FIRE!





*** SOME COMANCHE HORSE HUNTERS SET FIRE
TO THE GRASS AT ONE END OF WILD HORSE
VALLEY, YOUNG SILVER'S HOME.

*** A STRONG WIND CARRIED THE
RED DESTRUCTION SWIFTLY FROM
THE VALLEY'S NARROW ENTRANCE.



"SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING, ROUNDED UP HIS BAND. SILVER AND THE OTHER TWO-YEAR OLDS SAW THEM STREAMING PAST ---



"--- AND JOINED THE ROUTE. BLACK SCAMPER STUCK TO HIS FRIEND SILVER LIKE A BURR."



"AT THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY, MORE COMANCHEES LEAPED SUDDENLY FROM HIDING, WHIPPING AND WAVING BLANKETS TO TURN THE WILD HORSE BAND."



"STRAIGHT INTO THE MOUTH OF A NARROW, ROCKY CANYON THEY DROVE --- WHERE THE WALLS WERE TOO STEEP TO CLIMB."



"BEFORE THEY KNEW IT, THE LEADING MARES AND COLTS WERE HEADING INTO THE WINGS OF A WILD HORSE TRAP."



"BUT BEFORE THE BULK OF THE HERD HAD ENTERED THE HIDDEN GATE, SYLVAN SPOTTED IT! HIS HARD HOOF'S BRAKED HIS SPEED."



"HE WHIRLED, BITING AND SQUEALING,
TO TURN HIS HORSES BACK IN TIME."



"THEN, DASHING INTO THE LEAD, HE CHARGED THE
GAWSE HUNTERS--- WITH SILVER AND SCAMPER
AT HIS FLANK."



"THE STARTLED INDIANS JUMPED FOR THEIR
LIVES--- LET THE WILD HORSE BAND POUR
PAST THEM ---



"THROUGH A WALL OF CHOKING SMOKE, THE
GREAT WILD LEADER TOOK HIS FOLLOWERS!
BUT THE RED FLAMES HAD PASSED..."



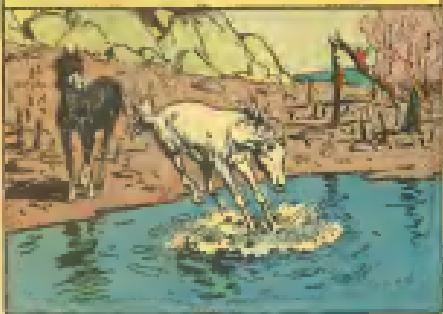
"--- LEAVING NOTHING BUT BLACK,
SCORCHED EARTH! SYLVAN DID NOT
HESITATE --- DID NOT LET HIS BAND
PAUSE OR REST: ONLY OUTSIDE
THEIR RUINED VALLEY WOULD
LIFE BE POSSIBLE.



"BACK IN THE CANYON TRAP, MOUSSA, THE WHITE
MARE, AND A FEW OTHERS HURLED THEMSELVES
IN VAIN AGAINST STOUT LOG WALLS.



SILVER AND SCAMPER ALSO WERE MISSING FROM THE WILD KING'S BAND. IT WAS SILVER'S NOTION--- TO COOL HIS HOT, SMARTING FEET IN THE CREEK.



HERE THE CREEK BROACHED OUT, AND A TINY ISLET, UNTOUCHED BY THE FIRE, INVITED THE SWIMMING COLTS.



"HERE THEY SPENT THE REST OF THAT TRAGIC DAY, PEERING OUT THROUGH THEIR GREEN AND WATERY SHELTER. NEAR SUNDOWN THEY SAW ---



--- MOUSSA AND THE OTHER MARES COME OUT OF THE CANYON, FOOT-ROPE AND RIDDEN BY THEIR RED-SKINNED ENEMIES.



"THAT NIGHT, SILVER AND SCAMPER TOOK THE TRAIL OF THE CAPTIVES. IN THE WHITE COLT BURNED AN ANGER AGAINST THE CREATURES WHO HAD STOLEN HIS MOTHER AND HIS FRIENDS



"SEVERAL MILES FROM THE VALLEY, HE FOUND THEM, CAMPED CLOSE TO THE CAPTURED MARES! SILVER WAS TOO WISE TO CALL OUT.



"ON SILENT FEET, AVOIDED
HORSE GUARD, SILVER REACHED
--- HE REACHED OUT TO TOUCH
SOFT NOSE --- ASSURE HER THAT
SHE WOULD BE FREED IN A MOMENT."



"MOUSSA HAD TRIED TO CHW THROUGH THE
ROPE, BUT HER TEETH WERE DULLED WITH
AGE. SHE THEREFORE TAILED WHERE SILVER,
WITH YOUNG, SHARP TEETH SUCCEDED..."



"WHILE STRENGTH CAME BACK INTO
MOUSSA'S CRAMPED LEG, SHE WATCHED
HIM TACKLE THE TOP ROPE OF THE
CORRAL."



"AT MOUSSA'S LURGE, IT SNAPPED! BEHIND HER,
THE SMALL COLTS BUNCHUP, WHINNITYING."



"WITH A STARTLED YELL, THE HORSE
GUARD HEARD THE RUSH AND JUMPED
TO HALT IT."



"---- BUT OUT OF THE NIGHT, A SHADOWY
TERROR LOOMED! BRAVE SCAMPER STRUCK
A BLOW FOR HIS FRIENDS!"



"ABOVE THE STORM OF HOOFBEATS,
FADED INTO NIGHT, CAME YOUNG SILVER'S
TAUNTING BUBBLE CALL! THE COMANCHES
DANCED IN HELPLESS FURY."



"THE NEXT--- SILVER
LED HIS HORSES IN A
CIRCLE, SEEKING TO
PICK UP THE TRAIL
OF SYLVAN'S HERO."



"ON THE THIRD DAY, HE SIGHTED THE LITTLE BUNCH
OF BACHELORS GRAZING BY THEMSELVES. THEY
CAUGHT SILVER'S SCENT AND CALLED."



"SYLVAN THE MIGHTY SPOTTED THE
NEWCOMERS--- AND LEFT HIS HORSES
TO INVESTIGATE! NO RIVAL LEADER
COULD TRESPASS ON HIS TERRITORY."



"WITH JEALOUS SQUEALING AND SNORTING, HE ROUNDED
UP THE MISSING MEMBERS OF HIS BAND--- MOUSSA THE
GENTLE, AND THE LITTLE COLTS--- PAYING NO
ATTENTION AT ALL TO THE PAIR OF BACHELORS WHO
HAD BROUGHT THEM BACK."



"BUT THAT DID NOT BOTHER
SILVER AT ALL, FOR HE WAS
STILL A HAPPY GO LUCKY YOUNG
BACHELOR! TO RUN AND PLAY
AND FEED WITH SCAMPER, AND
TO KNOW THAT ALL WAS WELL
WITH HIS FRIENDS --- THAT
WAS PURE HAPPINESS FOR
THE YOUTHFUL PRINCE OF
WILD HORSE VALLEY!"

